NEW

POEMS, SONGS, PROLOGUES and EPILOGUES.

Never before Printed.

Written by
THOMAS DUFFETT,
And Set by
The most Eminent Musicians about the Town.

Qui fugit Molam fugit Farinam.

LONDON:

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With Permission.

Roger L'Estrange.

September 30.
1675.

THE DEDICATION TO CELIA.

THe ſuff'ring SouldiEr, that with ſliGhted pray'r,
Has Often ſought His juſt Arrears of War,
Shows his Maim'd boDy to the gazing Croud,
ProclAims his ſervices and Wants aloud;
Is pity'D and whEn e'r the ſtory's nam'd,
The valour's prAis'd, and the iNjuſtice damn'd;
So all by whoM Amintor'S Love is read,
Will praiſe his Faith and blaMe the cruel Maid.
While by this Name ſecuR'd, more cloſe tO veil
YouR bluſhing guilt, Againſt your ſelf yoU rail;

The Dedication.

PerhaPs the fRequeNt cheat may Make you kind,
And with your language Change yOur cruel miNd.
Strong NatUre does LovEs ſecret Paths oRdain,
But Pow'rful Cuſtom doeS o're NAture reign.
And thoſe coMplaints wHich ſingly wanted Art,
May thus unitEd, melt yoUr fROſen heart.
Swift time maY bring the bleſſings Chance deny'd,
And we May glory in thoSe cHains we hide.
Pardon mY daring hopeS———
And do Not what your Beauty mAde deſpISe;
If to onE ſoaring thought—— My faNcy riſe,
It WAs inſpir'd —— By Celia's chArming eyeS.

T. D.

To

TO THE READERS.

I.

YOu gentle Readers, whoſe loſt coyn and time,
Are richly paid with warbling Tune and Rime,
Look up—my gingling Bells begin to chime.

II.

Like ſated wenchers, when the charge comes on,
Don't the poor ſuff'ring Laſs diſown,
That you gallanted ſo about the Town.

III.

Fierce Criticks, that *Amboyna* Juſtice Act,
By whom each Line's to horrid poſtures rackt;
Write what you'd have me ſay, I'll own the fact.

IV. I'm

To the Readers.

IV.

I'm harden'd in my errours and ſhould be,
As known Buffoons are, from correction free,
Your witty malice would be loſt on me.

V.

The old debauch, ſtill boldly walks the ſtreet,
Lifts his half noſe and ſhakes his palſy'd feet,
While modeſt ſinners fly from all they meet.

VI.

Yet fear not, Mr. *woolfe*, the Book will go,
When Nature's faireſt works neglected grow.
Monſters maintain the Maſter of the ſhow.

New

NEW
POEMS,
Songs, Prologues and Epilogues.

Song to the Iriſh *Tune.*

I.

SInce *Cælia's* my foe,
To a Deſart I'll go,
Where ſome River
For ever
Shall Eccho my woe:

The Trees ſhall appear
More relenting than her;
In the morning
Adorning
Each leaf with a tear.

When I make my ſad mone
To the Rocks all alone,
From each hollow
Will follow
Some pitiful grone.

But with ſilent Diſdain
She requites all my pain,
To my mourning
Returning
No anſwer again.

II.

Ah *Celia* adieu,
When I ceaſe to purſue,
You'll diſcover
No Lover
Was ever ſo true.

Your ſad Shepherd flies
From thoſe dear cruel eyes,
Which not ſeeing
His being
Decaies, and he dies.

Yet tis better to run
To the Fate we can't ſhun,
Then for ever
To ſtrive, for
What cannot be won.

What ye gods have I done,
That *Amyntor* alone
Is ſo treated
And hated
For Loving but one.

The Complaint.

ONe Saint with equal and impartial ears,
The Vows of many ſev'ral ſinners hears:
Nor is ſhe to the firſt that Pray'd, moſt kind,
The trueſt Zeal, does ſtill moſt pity find.

As many Lovers to your ſhrine repair,
At your bright Eyes to offer up their Pray'r;
But with unequal pity you reward,
True Vows are ſcorn'd, while Hypocrites are heard.

So perſecutions on the faithful wair,
While the Apoſtate thrives in every State.
Perhaps my ſuff'rings muſt your power ſhew,
Love, like Religion muſt have Martyrs too.

Once more for mercy to your feet I fly;
Alas I cannot change, and would not die:
No Saint in th' other World will pity ſhew,
To one that never thought their Worſhip due,
Nor ever Pray'd to any Saint but you.

Song

Song ſet by Mr. Marſh *junior.*

COme all you pale Lovers that ſigh and complain,
While your beautiful Tyrants but laugh at your pain;
Come practice with me
To be happy and free,
In ſpight of Inconſtancy, Pride or Diſdain.
I ſee, and I Love, and the Bliſs I enjoy,
No Rival can leſſen, nor envy deſtroy.

My Miſtriſs ſo fair is, no Language or Art,
Can deſcribe her Perfection in every part,
Her meen's ſo Gentile,
With ſuch eaſe ſhe can kill:
Each look with new paſſion ſhe captives my heart.
I ſee, &c.
No Rival, &c.

Her ſmiles the kind meſſage of Love from her Eyes,
When ſhe frowns 'tis from others her Flame to (diſguiſe,
Thus her Scorn or Spight
I convert to delight,
As the Bee gathers Hony where ever he flies.
I ſee, *&c.*
No Rival, *&c.*

My Vows ſhe receives from her Lover unknown,
And I fancy kind anſwers although I have none.
How Bleſt ſhould I be
If our Hearts did agree!
Since already I find ſo much Pleaſure alone.
I ſee, and I Love, and the Bliſs I enjoy,
No Rival can leſſen, nor Envy deſtroy.

To Madam M. H.

MAdmen we pity, though their crimes we hate,
And lay the guilt on their too rigid Fate.

Rob'd

Rob'd by your Eyes of Reaſon and of Senſe;
Your Beauty may excuſe my great offence.
He that does ſeriouſly of ſins Repent,
Unto the Gods appears as Innocent;
Never was Penitence more true than mine,
Then Pardon me, for you are all Divine.

Conditional Love.

THe ſad unhappy Merchant that beholds
A late tempeſtuous Ocean gently ſmile,
While yet each Wave his wrackt Eſtate infolds,
And ſeems to Triumph o're the wealthy ſpoil:

Stands ſhivering 'twixt hope and fierce deſpair,
He fain would hazard all he has once more,
At once his many loſſes to repair;
But firſt his Cargo does at home enſure:

So does the ſad *Fidelio* doubting ſtand,
While fair *Miranda's* ſparkling eyes he ſees,
Longing to have the Jewel in his hand,
But loth to truſt his heart to Loves falſe Seas.

Inſulting Fortune, and deluding Love,
So often have betray'd my eaſie heart,
Their faireſt ſhows my Faith can hardly move,
From the remaining ſtock of peace to part.

Yet would I pay an age of ſighs and pain,
Paſs all the ſtorms by Fortune rais'd or Art,
If you'd enſure I ſhould at laſt obtain
Th' unvalu'd Treaſure of your Love and Heart.

Let not my Paſſion be miſunderſtood,
To make Conditions does its ſtrength evince:
The Valiant Souldier that has loſt his blood,
And after been neglected by his Prince;

Though

Though all his heart's with war and glory fill'd,
Till his reward's assur'd the battle flies,
That done, none goes more boldly to the field,
None lives more faithful or more bravely dies.

To Francelia.

IN cruelty you greater are,
Then those fierce Tyrants who decreed,
The Noblest prisoner ta'n in war,
Should to their gods a Victim bleed.

A year of pleasures and delight,
The happy prisoner there obtain'd,
And three whole daies e'r deaths long night,
In pow'r unlimited he reign'd.

To your Victorious Eyes I gave
My heart a willing Sacrifice;
A tedious year have been your slave,
Felt all the pains Hate could devise.

But

But two ſhort hours of troubl'd Bliſs,
For all my ſuffrings you reſtore;
And wretched I muſt die for this,
And never never meet you more:

Never, how diſmally it ſounds!
If I muſt feel eternal pain,
Cloſe up a while my bleeding wounds,
And let me have my three daies reign.

On a Roſe taken from Francelia's *Breaſt.*

I.

POor hapleſs Emblem of *Amyntors* Heart,
Thy blooming Beauty's overcaſt;
Deep ſhades of grief ſeem to o'reſpread each part,
Yet ſtill thy fragrant ſweets do laſt.

II. Thou

II.

Thou wer't not, when my deareſt Nymph is kind,
In all thy Pride ſo Bleſt as I,
She gone my wounded heart thy fate does find,
So does it droop, and ſo will die.

III.

What joyful bluſhes did thy leaves adorn!
How gay! how proudly didſt thou ſwell!
When in *Francelia's* charming Boſom worn,
That Paradiſe where Gods would dwell.

VI.

O had my heart thy happy place poſſeſt,
It never had from thence been torn,
But like a *Phœnix* in her ſpicy neſt,
It ſtill ſhould live and ever burn.

V.

No wonder thy perfume ſo near thy death
Still laſts, though thy Vermilion's gone,
Thy ſweets were borrow'd from her ſweeter breath,
Thy fading colour was thy own.

VI.

See how my burning ſighs thy leaves have dry'd,
Where I have ſuck'd thy ſtol'n ſweets,
So does the am'rous youth careſs his Bride,
And print hot kiſſes on her lips.

VII.

Hadſt thou ungather'd fall'n, among the reſt
Loſt and forgotten thou hadſt been,
Thou hadſt not flouriſh'd in *Francelia's* breſt,
Nor been the Subject of my Pen.

VIII.

Amber diſſolv'd and beaten Spices ſmell,
That Gold is valu'd moſt that's prov'd,
Coy beauty's loſt, but laſting fame will tell
Their praiſe that love and are belov'd.

Song ſet by Mr. Marſh *ſenior.*

THe ſpring with freſh beauties hath dreſt up each field,
And the gardens with ſweets and ſoft muſick are fill'd,
The Birds pretty notes to new pleaſures invite,
And Nature herſelf appears young with delight;
Sad *Strephon* ſees this, but can be no partaker,
His Nymph is unkind and he cannot forſake her.

Amidſt

Amidſt all theſe glories I walk like a ſhade,
And adore the bright Nymph by whoſe Eyes I'm betray'd;
Each moment her ſhape to my fancy appears,
I ſigh, and I court her to ſtay with my tears.
But when my imbraces their pris'ner would make her,
Francelia flies off and I cannot o'retake her.

Aſleep I am happy, for then ſhe ſeems kind,
But ſome God that does Envy the Bleſſings I find:
The imbraces, the ſmiles, O the joys in extream,
'Tis Heav'n to have her, though but in a dream.
Diſturbs my ſhort ſleep that from me he might take her,
And then ſhe's unkind, yet I cannot forſake her.

Great Love, whoſe high power we ſtrive with in vain,
Let her ſhare in my ſighs, or give me her diſdain;
Shew her all the delights of a mutual flame,
The greatneſs and truth of my Paſſion proclaim.
One Arrow of thine to Loves joys would awake her,
And when my Nymph's kind I will never forſake her.

To Francelia.

LOve without hope of Pity who can bear?
Conſuming fire-brands in his Boſom wear?
Always endure Diſeaſes of the mind,
Still forc'd to ſeek what he muſt never find?
Pardon me Madam, for I muſt complain,
Sure you may hear, though not relieve my pain.

Thoſe that a glorious Martyrdom purſue,
When certain and eternal joy's in view;
On their Tormentors cruelty complain,
And ſigh aloud in the beloved flame:
The ſhort liv'd fires that round their bodies roul,
Soon end their griefs, but leave their Spirits whole;
Love ever burns the never dying Soul.
Condemn'd to death without hopes of reprieve,
What they no more can keep with eaſe they give,
I bleed and die for you ev'n while I live.

If

If Love's requited with ſuch rigid fate,
What tortures can you find to puniſh Hate?

Ah *Francelia!*
If in your heart I ne'r muſt gain a room,
At leaſt be cunning in the cruel doom:
Your eyes from your too charming eyes I took,
My firſt deep wound was conquer'd with a look.
O let me read that fair condemning book,
'Till I have gaz'd away my panting breath,
I'd give the world to dy ſo ſweet a death.

Alas! In vain I ſigh, in vain I rave,
Like drowning men in vain my hands I wave,
And cry to one that can but will not ſave;
As thirſty Trav'lers in a ſandy plain,
Call to the ſcorching Sun for help in vain,
Which drinks all moiſture up but ſends no rain.

When friends or bus'neſs for my preſence ſtay,
Love and *Francelia* call another way;

My

My feet move on, my thoughts are fix'd on her,
Dreaming of kindneſs I ſhall never hear;
I know not how, for what, or where I run,
Till at the window I behold my Sun;
In vain the envious Caſement's ſhut, alas,
The daz'ling Jewel ſparkles through the Caſe,
Like beautious Pictures through a Cryſtal glaſs:
Swifter then Lightning it conſumes my heart,
Leaving no marks on the exterior part.
At laſt, at laſt be kind, O do but prove
The charming ſweets of a ſucceſsful Love.
Why ſhould dull cuſtom or cold fear prevent
Pleaſures ſo ſweet, and Joys ſo innocent?
What e'r the World pretends to you or me,
Francelia and *Amyntor* ſtill are free.

Muſt I not ſee you? Why will you create
Laws more ſevere, than Virtue, Man or Fate?
If at your feet I wait your lov'd command,
And breath my Soul in kiſſes on your hand,

While thouſand Beauties in your eyes do ſhine,
And raiſe as many ſmiling joys in mine,
To hear your ſpeech, while pleaſure ſtops my own;
Then ſigh and wiſh that you were mine alone.
Where is the Crime? Virtue all this has taught,
But if you hate me,— O that diſmal thought,
It Stabs— my Pen falls from my trembling hand,
My heart beats faintly, all my Spirits ſtand.
If ſtill your Servant you with hate purſue,
Let me receive my doom from none but you;
And like a Chriſtian Lover, my laſt breath
Shall praiſe and pardon her that caus'd my death.

Song ſet by Mr. Staggins.

To the Tune of Auguſta.

Francelia's heart is ſtill the ſame,
Cold and hard as Winters morning,
Round her Love is ever burning,

Yet

Yet no Sighs or Frowns can ever
Warm her Ice, or cool my Feaver.

So much I think and talk of her,
That ev'ry Grove and Stream can name her;
All the Nymphs and Ecchos blame her:
If ſhe keeps her cruel faſhion,
Only death can eaſe my Paſſion.

All the Arts that Lovers have,
All the Vows, and all the anguiſh,
All the looks with which I languiſh,
Move not her to any feeling;
Beauty takes delight in killing.

A Rant againſt the God of Love.

I.

THou damn'd perpetual peeviſh folly,
Curſe of a quiet life,
Father and Child of lazy Melancholy,
Author of publick care and ſecret ſtrife,
Expenſive ruine, everlaſting cheat,
Belov'd conſumption of the great,
Plague of the poor:
Son of a ſalted frothy Whore;
Whoſe Emblematick birth,
Foretold her miſchiefs to the misbelieving Earth.

II.

So rotten and ſo baſe
The Embryo was,
The Gods in Heav'n and Earth could find no place
Impure

Impure enough for ſuch vile Midwifry,
But drenched it in the Worlds ſink, the Sea;
There by the rapid motion,
And the briny pickle of the Ocean,
Which like a ſickly Stomach, ſtrove
To diſembogue the Potion
On the reſiſting Rocks, who drove
The Poyſon back again
Into the troubl'd main:
Preſerv'd from diſſolution,
It became
The Queen of Beauty, Luſt and Shame.

III.

Thy lawleſs Sire,
Compos'd of Rapine, Blood and Fire.
God of deſtructive Rage, and War;
Lean Poverty and Deſolation, are
The Bleſſings which do fall from his vainglorious (Car.

With horrid ſlaughter all imbru'd,
With Curſes and with hate purſu'd,
He Venus woo'd:
The Union of this matchleſs pair,
Of Raſh and Brave, Luſtful and Fair,
Produc'd this moſt accompliſh'd Heir;
An Off-ſpring for ſuch Parents fit,
Eternal Moth of Treaſure, Peace and Wit.

The Excuſe.

TRanſports of Paſſion cannot be withſtood,
Therefore are pardon'd by the wiſe and good.
Anger in misbecoming language flies,
And o're the kindeſt Friends would Tyrannize.
Enlarging joyes like ſwelling Torrents roul,
All prudent caution from the fearleſs Soul.
And griefs contracting pain benumbs each ſenſe,
Driving the care of life and ſafety thence.

What

What then ſhould be forgiv'n to o'e that's fill'd
With Love, to which all other Paſſions yield?
And what compaſſion ſhould that Lover gain,
Whoſe heart at once all Paſſions did ſuſtain?

When I my dear *Francelia* ſought to meet,
I ſaw her trouble, and I griev'd to ſee't;
Yet intervals of joy did grief o'repow'r,
To be ſo near that Beauty I adore:
Then ſtorms of rage my trembling heart did ſeize,
That I ſhould injure whom I'd die to pleaſe.
Armies of diff'rent thoughts at once poſſeſt,
Conquer'd and chang'd the purpoſe of my breſt;
But Love, reſiſtleſs Love, whoſe ſlave I am,
Hurri'd me on, and ev'ry ſtop o'recame.
When rapid flame ſome petty houſe ſurrounds,
Th' amazed owners fear no death or wounds,
But ſlighting all concerns of pain or health,
Fly through fire to ſave a little wealth.

Loves raging flame on all my Vitals preys,
And ev'ry part inſenſibly decays.
And can you, Madam, think it much that I
Should for relief to th' Cryſtal Fountain fly?

O pardon me, and I'll no more contend,
But like a Willow bow to ev'ry wind.
And all your blaſts of Scorn and Anger bear,
Until my Suff'rings do the Tempeſt tire,
Or by my fall the great example prove,
Of endleſs Cruelty and matchleſs Love.

Song ſet by Mr. Smith.

LIberty, Liberty!
Reaſon and Love are at War,
No more on wild Paſſion I'll wait,
Or cringe to an upſtart deſpair,
The Creature of idle conceipt.

Draw

Draw up my thoughts, let Shame the Fight begin,
Charge to the heart, O let not Hope get in,
'Tis Loves Heroe, if that appear in his defence,
A thouſand thouſand reaſons cannot force him thence.

Victory, Victory!
Love the Uſurper is fled,
His Flames and his Arrows are ſpent,
The toys by which Fools are miſled,
To adore what themſelves do invent.
The thing appears that did ſupport his cauſe,
How pale ſhe looks that to my heart gave Laws!
The Nymph's vaniſh'd, ſet are the Suns that made me blind,
And only Woman, vain weak Woman's left behind.

Phillida, Phillida!
What's of my Goddeſs become?
O where is the ſhape and the Meen,
Whoſe preſence has oft ſtruck me dumb,
Whoſe beauty I thought all Divine?

As

As in the dark to one o'recome by fear,
Deformed ſhapes and ſprites ſeem to appear. (find,
The fond Lover ſtrange wonders in his Nymph does
When all the Charms are in his own deluded mind.

To Madam R. P.

REaſon and Love, their ancient feud laid by,
Equally ſtrive to raiſe your power high.
Beauty, Loves never failing dart in you,
Exceeds all praiſe, and does all hearts ſubdue.
Cupid in ev'ry careleſs ſmile is dreſt,
Kindling a fire in the beholders breaſt.
And Reaſon, if the ſlave don't ſtraight ſubmit,
Proclaims your Virtue and Victorious Wit;
Love gives the charge, and Reaſon ſtrengthens it.
Alas what heart can make reſiſtance, where
Youth, Beauty, Wit and Virtue do appear?

Gratitude

Gratitude to Fidelia.

THe Frantick Zealot who to Bliſs aſpires,
On Racks of care and mortifi'd deſires,
Miſtakes the way, by blind devotion driv'n;
Your favours lead me to a ſweeter Heav'n.
As Souls of Lovers murther'd with deſpair,
Do hover ſtill where their fair Tyrants are.
On you I waited till your kind reprieve
Rais'd my long buri'd hope, and made me live.
Eternal bleſſings your great favour pay,
Delights unclouded, Joys without allay:
Fate ever ſmiling like perpetual day.
In extaſies of pleaſing thought I ſee,
Divine *Fidelia* ſmiling bow to me.
Each hour my Soul recals the Bliſs and then,
Languiſhing dies, till I enjoy't agen.
If one ſhort beam of hope ſuch raptures move,
Ah! what would my ador'd *Fidelia's* Love?

Fidelia.

Fidelia.

With ſtrugling Doubts and dying Hopes oppreſt,
My heart is wandring in a Sea of fire.
I ſee, but cannot reach the port of reſt,
Forc'd back by Storms of fear and fierce deſire.

No happy Star, but Fair *Fidelia's* Eyes
Can change the Scene of my decaying ſtate,
And turn this Tempeſt to a Paradiſe;
Beauty commands all hearts and conquers fate.

Loves greateſt pleaſure to his ſtupid foes,
Seems childiſh folly in a grave diſguiſe,
So ſacred Worſhip to the Atheiſt ſhows,
Who's dully bleſt and ignorantly wiſe.

Thoſe that Religion for brisk Wit deny,
And ſlight ſweet Love for Wine or flattering mirth,
Are cheated with falſe pleaſures, while they fly
The Bliſs of Heav'n, and greateſt joys on Earth.

One

One ſmile to me from my *Fidelia's* Eye,
Is more then Kings can give, or Empire buy.

The Miſtake.

I.

ALas how ſhort? how falſe and vain?
Are the uncertain joys of man,
But O how true? how fixed are
His reſtleſs pain?
His certain grief and never ceaſing Care?
The Trees that bend with flakes of Snow,
Spring will adorn with verdant Leaves.
The Fruitful Grain that buried lyes,
In joyful Blades again ſhall riſe
And grow,
To pay the Ruſticks pain with golden Sheaves.
But man, poor wretched man,
Once in Loves boundleſs Ocean launch'd, no more
Returns again to joys forſaken ſhore.

II.

By flatt'ring hope deceiv'd,
For what is wiſh'd is ſoon believ'd;
Francelia's favour like a chearful Sun,
I thought on her *Amyntor* ſhone,
Which ſwell'd my joys to ſuch a wild extreme,
I made an Idol of each daz'ling beam.
Pardon my eaſie Faith, O fond deluded Soul,
'Twas but a waking dream,
Thy comforts vaniſh'd but thy grief is whole.

III.

Rivers by Ebbing Waves left dry,
Returning Tides as ſwiftly fill;
The Vally that does loweſt lie,
Ends at the riſing of a Hill.

All

All things to change do ſwiftly haſt,
A welcome light
Succeeds each night;
Only my Paſſion and my Pain muſt laſt,
Since my *Francelia's* rigid doom is paſt.
Confin'd as ſinners are in Hell,
I ſee with Envy, where the Happy dwell.
Deep Lakes and rugged way,
My paſſage ſtay;
But Ah how ſoon,
That weak defence ſhould down,
Were it not guarded by my Angels frown!

IV.

Miſtaken Hope, be gone,
Wait on the Happy and the Fair,
To whom thy cheats are yet unknown,
Let ſad *Amyntors* fate alone;
Thy fading ſmiles increaſe deſpair,

Without a murmur or an alter'd face,
My unrelenting fate I will imbrace.
So close my fire shall be confin'd,
I will not trust the whisp'ring wind.
My Sighs shall Fan the Flame and feed the smart,
Till it consume my rash despised heart;
Then one short grone shall fix a lasting date,
To this long difference of Love and Hate,
Unless our present thoughts attend our future state.
That point I'll leave, to those that here are blest;
Souls with neglected Love and Grief oppress,
Can find no greater Hell by seeking Rest.
Mine to discover seats of Bliss or Woe
Would freely goe,
Were it assur'd *Francelia* though too late,
Would sigh and say she was ingrate,
A Love so True deserv'd a kinder Fate.

Song ſet by Mr. Marſh *ſenior.*

DOwn with this Love that has made ſuch a pother,
This Jack with a Lanthorn that leads us a round,
Till with dull Marriage we cheat one another,
For joys that do vaniſh as ſoon as th' are found.
Repent, ye proud Nymphs, for your tricks ſhall not paſs,
We'l change no more Gold and good Stones for your Glaſs.

While ſo ſeverely you rail at the pleaſure,
And kill the poor Lover that's at your command,
Like Doctors you turn your heads from the treaſure,
But, O how you graſp what is put in your hand.
Repent, &c.
We'l change, &c.

When the ſhort minute we ſigh'd for, is over,
The Nymph is more brisk and more kind than (before,
But how dejected and dull is her Lover,
To find all his Paſſion can purchaſe no more.

Repent, &c.

We'l change, &c.

The Reſolve.

I.

FOrtune, I ſcorn thee now,
Thou haſt not left one dart,
To move my harden'd heart,
Or cloud my ſmiling brow.
Like cunning Tyrants, thy ſevereſt pain
Thou keptſt till laſt:
It racks my Soul, but yet I'll not complain.
When this ſhort fit is paſt,
I'll never Love nor Grieve again.

II. Thou

II.

Thou canſt not any mighty conqueſt boaſt,
For had I never won, I had not loſt;
Then we are even,
And after this,
What ever comes amiſs
Or well, I'll take as ſent from Heaven.
Thou art no more with me
A Deity.
Chance, Fortune, Fate, y'are all but empty names,
Since fair *Francelia* thus the War proclaims.
Love, Joy, Grief, who Lord it ſo o're ſlaves, hence
I'm down, but from my fall,
I'll riſe above you all,
Shake off your Chains, and be in thought a Prince.

III.

Ah *Francelia* muſt I never? Curſe on my fond heart,
It heaves and pants ſtill loth to quit the pleaſant ſmart,

Thou ſhalt ſubmit or break,
Swell on, I'll never ſpeak,
Nor look, nor write, nor think, nor hope, nor fear.
Be wiſe, my heart, thou canſt not hers ſubdue,
She loves already, none can well love two.
Hate all the World ſince th' art deſpis'd by her:
Or if thou ever canſt again
Be ſenſible of Joy or Pain,
Rejoyce thou wer't not poorly ſlain,
But by a Beauty which o're all does reign:
Rejoyce that thou lov'dſt her alone,
And though thy ſervice ſhe diſown,
Yet pitty her that can adore
A man that loves a hundred more.
O're one ſmall Province to command alone,
Is ſweeter than to ſhare a mighty Throne.

Song ſet by Mr. Staggins.

WHy ſhould we e'r Beauty fade,
Slaves to care and age be made,
Since our flying youth can no more be had.
Where Love and Mirth do call, let's go
And crop new joys each minute as they grow;
To morrows fate there's none can know.

Let's ſing and laugh ſad thoughts away,
Mirth ſhall rule the active day,
And the night to raptures of Love we'l pay.
Thus ſhould youth in pleaſures reign;
And gods that cannot put on Earth again,
Shall wiſh for ſuch delights in vain.

To the King on his Birth-Day. 1675.

Song ſet by Mr. Staggins.

GReat Love and mighty War be gone,
With all your flatt'ring charms and glorious noiſe.
A nobler theme our Art imploys,
A theme for gods to think upon.
Let the glad ſound,
Which our voyces deliver,
Rebound
To the Hills, from the River,
Thence to the Sky
Let the ſhrill Eccho fly.
On the winds nimble wing,
Round the Earth let her run,
Like the rays of the Sun,
That all may rejoyce for the life of the King.

Chorus.

Chorus.

O how bleſt is the day that your birth has made great!
And how happy, how happy are we that do ſee't!
While we offer up Vows to the Gods in a Song,
That your Fame may ſhine bright,
As the Worlds great light,
And your Reign may continue as long.

Long life and never-fading health,
A mind untroubl'd as the ſleep of Saints,
When Heavens joy the 'fancy paints.
New Mines of never-ending wealth.
Hearts that are true,
And devoted to Heaven
And you,
All the gods have e'r given,
Kindly to bleſs
The ſoft pleaſures of Peace.

All that ſtory can bring,
And the joys yet unknown
Be contracted in one,
And for ever attend on the life of the King.

Chorus.

O how bleſt is the day that your birth has made great!
And how happy, how happy are we that do ſee't!
While we offer up Vows to the Gods in a Song,
That your Fame may ſhine bright,
As the Worlds great light,
And your Reign may continue as long.

To the Queen. Set by Mr. Marſh *ſenior.*

MOunt, mount, my Muſe: Up to the gods aſpire,
And take a ſpark of their Celeſtial fire;
No influence elſe fit raptures can raiſe,
To ſing great *Gloriana's* praiſe.

Her

Her Heav'nly ſmiles more joys create,
Than dawning day to wand'rers brings:
Than peace to a decaying ſtate,
Or thriving War to youthful Kings.
Nature, no longer boaſt thy flatt'ring ſnares,
Thy Gems, thy Flowers, and thy Stars.
Wiſe Lovers, that quickly coy Beauties would gain,
Compare them no more to things fading and vain,
But what's more reſiſtleſs, more ſweet and more fair,
To the Beams of her Eyes, or the Nets of her Hair.
The Royal graces of her mind,
So glorious are, ſo unconfin'd;
Thoſe happy ſlaves that on her wait,
That can behold and imitate
The Zeal that in her worſhip flames,
Will for their never-dying names,
With Saints on Earth gain bleſt abodes,
And place their Souls among the gods.

A Perſuaſive to Love.

HOw long, O dearer then my Soul? how long
Shall weak diſtruſt my Paſſion wrong?
And make each prattling child of fear,
The ſhape of monſtrous danger wear.
Your Honor and your ſafety are,
Of all my thoughts the chiefeſt care.
Dearer to me, than precious breath
To wealthy Miſers near their death:
Than Heirs to mighty names, above
The joys and hopes of all my Love.

Fix'd like a Statue I would ſtand,
While ſome bold Villains bloody hand,
Tears from my breaſt my panting heart.
Die ſmiling at the greateſt ſmart,
E'r one kind word or favour ſhown
By my fair Goddeſs, ſhould be known.

But

But Ah! too well, too well I know,
The cauſe that makes you fly me ſo;
You fear to ſee the wounds you make,
Leſt pity your hard heart awake:
Pity, the nobleſt Virtue of the mind,
For ſure 'tis Virtue to be kind,
Since Heav'n to pity is ſo much inclin'd.
Fear not our meeting ſhould be known,
Believe my heart and truſt your own.
Why ſhould the bleſſing be delay'd?
The price of Love we both have pay'd:
You when that ——— was betray'd.
That damnd —— which all my curſes bears;
My heart weeps blood to pay your precious tears.
All I have ſuffer'd, ev'n your Hate,
That crime can never expiate.
Like ſeeds that muſt to flowers ſpread,
Our Love with water has been fed;
Our Love! O pardon what I ſaid,
My wiſhes do my pen miſlead:

Yet

Yet I'll wiſh on, wiſh that my dear
Lov'd me as much as I love her,
Then ſhould my flame ſo faithful prove,
I'd recompence your Grief with Love.
Such joys, ſuch pleaſures, Love can give,
As none but Lovers can believe.
As one in falſe Religion bred,
Whoſe Faith, by Senſe and Cuſtom 's led;
Derides the myſt'ries more Divine,
Till Practice does his Faith refine.
Of Love ſuch may your fancy be,
But then, my Deareſt, think of me:
Of me, who, ſpight of adverſe Fate,
Strengthen'd by all your Scorn and Hate,
Have never yet apoſtatiz'd,
So ſweet is Love although deſpis'd.
The hope at laſt ſucceſs to gain,
(For Hope does ſtill with Love remain.)
Brings Comfort in the midſt of Pain.

Try, O my dear *Francelia*, try
But one ſhort minute, Love and ſee
What Heav'nly joys, what extaſie,
Do in your preſence wait on me.

Song ſet by Mr. Le Grange.

WIth a damn'd ſullen fate let's no longer conſpire,
To feed the fierce torments of fear and deſire?
Thy frowns and coy looks do thy Paſſion diſcover,
My care to conceal it declares I'm thy Lover.
Then why ſhould we fear the ſmooth Ocean of Love,
Since padling and ſtraining will keep us above?
Let buſ'neſs and wealth to their Chaos be hurl'd,
'Tis Love's the delight and ſupport of the World.

He that dotes ön his bags while his paſſing Bell (touls,
The modeſt Platonicks that talk of their Souls,

The

The grave men of State that are wise in Grimaces,
The canting Reformers that say such long Graces,
The fur'd men of Law those deciders of doubts,
When Passion is stirring do briskly cry out,
Let bus'ness, &c.
'Tis Love's, &c.

Song set by Mr. Hart.

BElieve me, dear *Mall*,
For I've traded with all
Those of name and Estate,
That have made the Town prate
Of their many brave deeds and great forces,
When they come to the matter
Are weaker then water,
And have nothing that's strong but their purses.

With high jellys and broth,
They make the blood froth,

Which

Which creates a falſe fire,
And a ſickly deſire.
They imbrace her as if they could eat her,
Such eager hot flaſhes,
Straight turn into aſhes,
And deceive both themſelves and the creature.

Mother —— gives this
For a Maxim to Miſs,
For thy grandeur and fame,
Keep a Cock of the game;
But a tough brawny dunghil to tread ye.
Let the wealth of thy Cully
Provide for thy Bully,
Then his weapon will always be ready.

The Rival, a Song ſet by Mr. Marſh *ſenior.*

INſult not too much on thy fading ſucceſs,
For all that thou haſt, I before did poſſeſs,
I know, my fair Rival, how happy thou art,
I know all the ſecret delights of thy heart.
To tempt thee thoſe pleaſures were taken from me,
And to pleaſe ſome new beauty he'l take'em from thee.

When firſt thy Ambition was flatter'd, how ſweet?
How dazling was power and wealth at thy feet?
How dear were the minutes when Paſſion was young,
And plaid with the languiſhing Eyes and the Tongue?
What follow'd, ye gods, I remember too well,
Such pleaſures, ſuch pleaſures no tongue can revele.

But e'r long thy fond Heart and ſad Eyes will deplore
That Coldneſs and Scorn I lamented before.

Thy

Thy Beauty and Humor, which makes thee ſo fair,
Will pine with pale Envy, and end in Deſpair.
If then thy loſt heart can its freedom regain,
More ſweet it will be o're thy Paſſion to reign.

I am free from the pangs of deſire and hate,
I envy no Lovers their wretched eſtate;
No wiſhes or fears or fierce jealouſies keep
My eyes on the rack, or affright my ſoft ſleep:
But ſafe on the Shore without Paſſion I ſee
Poor Lovers tormented and loſt on the Sea.

The Modiſh Lover.

Song ſet by Mr. Marſh *ſenior.*

AT laſt I find 'tis vain to believe
The Coy or Kind any Cure can give
To a heart that to Love does incline
Like mine,
Fruition is but a reprieve.

I thought my first flame
Would still be the same.
If *Cloris* could Love, O I'd ever be true;
But Love is so blind,
When *Cloris* was kind,
I chang'd for less Beauty to one that was new.

I felt again the pleasure and smart,
The joy and pain which captives the heart:
And as many true Oaths as before
I swore,
From *Phillis* I never would part.
The next pretty face
Got *Phillis's* place,
Which my Vows and my Passion as hotly pursu'd:
The next did appear
More charming than her,
And thus are my torments for ever renew'd.

When I love one who thinks ſhe's above
Loves ſacred throne, whom nothing can move,
Who thinks that 'tis great to appear
Severe,
And ſlight the ſoft pleaſures of love;
I fly for relief
To the next pretty thief:
And to quench my hot flame I ſeek a new fire;
But never could meet
That Beauty or Wit,
Whoſe love or diſdain, could confine my deſire.

All things of courſe to change do ſubmit,
O're-rul'd by force, by fortune or wit;
Then how can a Lover compel
His will,
When Beauty and Fate wo'n't permit?
Where Love does invite
I'll ſeek my delight,

And give the ſame freedom to her I adore.
Though many pretend
Their flame can ne'r end,
That womans deceiv'd that believes any more.

Song ſet by Mr. Marſh *ſenior.*

CLoris I come to learn my fate,
To Love we are accus'd,
Who mad to ſee his pow'r and ſtate
By eaſie mirth abus'd;
Has from thy Eyes a real dart
Into my breaſts convey'd,
And now tormented by the ſmart,
I come to thee for aid.

Since you ſo long did feed my flame,
Till in my heart you reign'd,
Since you did know and did not blame
My Paſſion that was feign'd.

Condemn

Condemn not with your cruel frown
The ſtory of my fate,
It is injuſtice to diſown
The Love you did create.

Why ſhould you now refuſe to hear,
What once you did invite?
If Love when dreſs'd in truth appear
Leſs able to delight.
Let me in jeſt loves pleaſure taſt,
I never will complain;
So the deluding cheat may laſt,
I'll ne'r love truth again.

Thus *Damon* woo'd but all in vain,
She ſtill was more unkind.
His Vows could no belief obtain,
No pitty could he find.

But when he ceas'd to be her ſlave,
And all her ſcorn repay'd,
The Nymph relented and ſhe gave
What ſhe ſo long delay'd.

To Miranda.

MEn vainly boaſt the pow'r that nature gave.
All-conqu'ring Beauty rules the King and Slave.
Read fair *Miranda's* charming face, and then
Tell me where's the prerogative of men.
Here Natures ſelf in all her gayeſt dreſs,
All her delights and power does expreſs;
And with true luſtre free from fading Art,
Rules ev'ry Eye, and reigns o're ev'ry heart.
No formal pride her Beauty does o'reſhade.
O happy man, for whom this bleſſings made!
Let her in joys for ever live, while I,
Doom'd for her Victim, at Loves Altar die.

Song ſet by Mr. Smith.

I Sigh'd and I Writ,
And imploy'd all my Wit,
And ſtill pretty *Silvia* deny'd;
'Twas Virtue I thought,
And became ſuch a ſot,
I ador'd her the more for her pride.

Till mask'd in the Pit
My coy *Lucrece* I met,
A croud of gay Fops held her play;
So brisk and ſo free
With her ſmart repartee,
I was cur'd and went bluſhing away.

Poor Lovers miſtake,
The addreſſes they make

With Vows to be conſtant and true.
Though all the Nymphs hold
For the ſport that is old,
Yet their play-mates muſt ever be new.

Each pretty new toy
They would dye to enjoy,
And then for a newer they pine;
But when they perceive
Others like what they leave,
They will cry for their bauble agen.

One fall'n in love with the ſight of a Ladies —

Song ſet by Mr. Marſh *ſenior.*

I Long was tormented with Envy and Rage,
At the freedom that's us'd in this amorous age,

To

To ſee the brisk youth even while I was by,
Court the Nymph that I lov'd as freely as I:
But Fortune, for which I ſhall ever adore her,
Has ſhow'd me a Beauty which is my reſtorer.

So pretty, ſo plump, ſuch a delicate ſhape,
Such a pure Red and White, as no heart can eſcape.
All the raptures of Poets the skin doth ſurpaſs,
Without any help of Paint, Patches or Glaſs.
An Innocent waſh that's of Natures own making,
Is all it e'r us'd for to make it ſo taking.

Though blind, the deep wounds that it gives more ſurpriſe,
Then the Stars or the Di'monds of *Phillis's* Eyes;
Had it ſight, it would always be ſtaring abroad,
And make the whole World eſteem it a God.
Its mouth has ſuch melting agreeable motion,
All Nations fall down to't with heat of devotion.

'Tis

'Tis veil'd like a *Spaniard* but guarded much more,
By the Virtue of *Sylvia* which waits at the door;
A Champion ſo jealous no force or deſign,
Can gain a new ſight of't until it is mine.
Yet this makes me happy, for though 'tis ſo pretty,
It ne'r will be common, like *Phillis* or *Betty*.

Ah *Sylvia*, how ſoon all my ſorrows would end!
If you heard the advice of your beautiful friend.
It ſhow'd, when I ſaw it, as if 't would be kind,
O be not ſevere to the dumb and the blind.
There can be no change or decay in my Paſſion,
'Tis caus'd by a Beauty that's ne'r out of faſhion.

Song ſet by Mr. Marſh *ſenior.*

NAy pr'y thee no more of this love maſquerade,
Now all ſorts of Fops are grown old in the (trade.
All the pleaſure is gone,
And the cheat's ſo well known,
That 'twill ruine more Lovers than ever it made.

If

If you think y'are a wit and would fain have me
know it,
You muſt leave this dull rode of the over-rid Poet.

Alexis and *Damon*, and twenty Swains more,
Have been Sighing and Vowing a hundred times
(o're.
Let me dye, and all that,
Is inſipid and flat,
And your Courtſhip's as ſerious to every Whore.
Ah charming Divine! and O ſweet pretty Creature!
Is ſo old, the Amour of a Cobler is greater.

You torture a Song till you make the ears ake,
Your Alamode wit from the Play-houſe you take;
And are airy and bold
While the borrow'd ſtock hold,
(make
But more mouths than a diſciplin'd Monkey you
When 'tis ſpent; and with Cringes and new faſhion'd
Curſes,
(diſcourſes.
Or the price of your Trappings make up your
Theſe

These shallow designs, and the plots that you cast,
Can never prevail o're a woman that's Chast.
And a Wench so well knows
Where to take all your blows,
That she turns your Weapon against you at last.
If such humorous folly can raise love in any,
Scaramouch will be sooner prefer'd then his *Zany*.

Epilogue to The Shoomaker's a Gentleman, Spoken by the Master-Shoomaker.

DEar Brothers of the Gentle Craft you see
Th' original of our Gentility;
We have new vamp'd, new soald, and made it tite,
Lend us your aid to keep it still upright.
These *Goths* and *Vandals* who do hate your glory,
Are met to raze this monumental story.
Stand boldly to't now is the heat o'th' Battle,
Let *Crispin* live, and let Saint *Hugh's* bones rattle.

Valentines

Valentines Day.

BEfore the youthful Spring had dy'd
The Earth with *Flora's* checquer'd pride.
Before the new thaw'd fields were ſeen
Dreſs'd in a joyful Summers green.
Grey bearded Winters froſty Chain,
Was juſt diſſolv'd by *Phœbus* Wain;
And the aſpiring God flown high,
To guard the Spring in's Infancy,
Inviting *Flora* from her bed,
To rob her of her Maiden-head;
E'r fair *Aurora's* bluſhing head
Had edg'd the Eaſtern Hills with red,
My reſtleſs fancy guided me
Into a happy privacy,
Where the embracing Trees had made
A pleaſant, though yet leafleſs ſhade.

Each

Each naked branch in coupling wiſe,
A pretty harmleſs love-knot ties;
From which conjunction Nature ſhoots
Sweet bloſſoms and delicious fruits.
The winged muſick of the Air,
Did to this am'rous Grove repair;
And with their tempting notes did grace
The various pleaſures of the place.
As I ſurpris'd with wonder ſate,
Each Bird choſe out his feather'd mate,
And ſeeming fearful of delay,
Through yielding Air they cut their way,
Some to the Woods, ſome to the Groves,
To conſummate their eager Loves.
So have I ſeen at Hymens feaſts,
A company of youthful gueſts,
A thouſand ways advance delight;
But when the long-wiſh'd lazy night,
To bed invokes the bluſhing Bride,
Loves endleſs quarrel to decide,

A ſilent envy ſpreads each face,
The Men wiſh his, the Maids her place:
And e'r that ſingle Wedding's o're,
It gives a birth to many more.
Muſing how pow'rful Nature was,
Sometimes through prickly thorns I paſs,
Whoſe winding branches ſeem'd to court
Me to attend the harmleſs ſport.
Sometimes I walk by Cryſtal Springs,
Whoſe gliding ſtreams in circling rings,
Unto the muſick liſtning ſtood,
Till preſt by the purſuing flood,
Their angry murmurs did betray,
How loth they were to paſs away.
Grown weary with this pleaſing ſight,
Exceſs of pleaſure dulls delight,
To reſt my drowzy ſenſe I ſought
The ſofteſt, ſweeteſt, graſſie plot,
But as I wand'red here and there,
A voice arreſts my idle ear,

Which from a neighb'ring thicket flyes,
Drawn thither by my greedy Eyes.
Two loving Rogues within it lay,
And thus I heard the Puppets play.
Long did I muſe but all in vain,
What wanton ſtars that day did reign.
But as my ſteps did homewards ſtray
I met my *Phœbe* by the way,
My *Phœbe*, whoſe commanding Eyes,
Had made my heart her Sacrifice;
To her fair hand I paid a kiſs,
But ſhe return'd a greater bliſs,
Preſenting Violets to me,
Good morrow Valentine, ſaid ſhe.

Prologue to a Play Acted privately.

PRologues, thoſe pleaſing and ſucceſsful ways,
To gain protection for ill written Plays,
Moſt uſeful are in our ingenious times,
To cloud brisk nonſenſe and amazing rimes;
Th'are interpos'd like flaſhy glaring light,
For they the judgment chear, as that the ſight.
Now Poets like the worſt Mechanicks grown,
Do rail at others ware to ſell their own.
The laſt new Play ſtill th' other houſe does huff,
To ſet ſome newer meſs of folly off.

Poor harmleſs Punck they fiercely do abuſe,
Becauſe ſhe did Heroick love refuſe,
Or made the running Nag out-ſtrip the Muſe.
Finding that Gallants now do Spaniel like,
Fawn moſt on thoſe whoſe Satyrs deepeſt ſtrike.

Fop, Critick, Flaxen Wig, the Miſs and Cit,
Are daily maſſacr'd by Prologue Wit,
A modiſh wheedle to amuſe the Pit;
With dropping follyes of their own they drive them in,
That their great ſhowr's of dogrel ſtuff may fall unſeen;

From all this mighty pother we are free'd,
Our Play does no excuſe or Prologue need.
He, who all other Poets would devour,
Who ſwells with Poyſon ſuck'd from ev'ry flowr,
Who rakes up dirt and lays it by his door,
To make his glitt'ring droſs ſeem golden Ore;
Ev'n he, when his Satyrick humor reign'd,
Permitted this rare Play to paſs unſtain'd.

Now to our ſelves ——
By railing firſt your cenſures which we fear,
We may prevent or make them leſs ſevere;

But to oblige you rather we'l believe,
None will ſo rudely take what we ſo freely give.
If any ſhould condemn our harmleſs ſport,
We will not plead high preſidents from Court:
But with an equal raſhneſs we'l maintain,
If ſerious, he's a formal Fop, whoſe brain
Does envy what it never could attain.

The brisker Criticks we'l debauch'd proclaim,
Mere noiſe and froth without or ſalt or flame.

How patiently the *Vereſtreet* croud do ſtay,
And for loud zealous nonſenſe weep and pray
So eager are they to be led aſtray.
Had you but half their zeal for no expen
With ſounder reaſon and far better ſen
You all may go much more reform'd from hence.

Prologue to a Play Acted privately.

I Know your thoughts, and ſee in ev'ry Eye
The dreadful marks of a cenſorious ſpie;
You come, as modiſh wits to Church theſe times,
Not to reform, but note the ſpeakers crime.

Our caſe is hard, we muſt be cenſur'd ſtill,
For Acting firſt, and then for Acting ill.
We want brave Scenes, gay Clothes and Confidence,
More fit for Players than their Wit or Senſe.
I know what you would ſay now — ſince 'tis thus,
What's their deſign to fool themſelves and us?

Tell me, why with ſuch mighty coſt and care
Our jaunty youth to Maſquerades repair?
Why in ſuch raptures they return back,
What ſport? what pleaſures we have had, dear Jack?

What

What Vizards? O what Gowns? didſt thou but ſee't,
When, Do you know me now? is all the Wit,
And ſtranger dreſſes daily fill the ſtreet.

Why ſome with dull diſcourſe and forc'd Grima-
Take pains to be accounted ſerious aſſes? (ces,
Inſpir'd by News and Coffee, with what eaſe
They manage Empires and command great Seas!
Waſting whole days in ſtories which they make
More vain and empty than the ſmoke they take.

Tell me——
Why ſome in drunken frolicks ſpend the night
To make one knock, and cry I love the white?
Then friſk and roar until the active brain,
Too great and brave for Taverns to contain,
Leads them into Loves field to run at Tilt,
Where many wounds are giv'n when no blood's ſpilt
The next dayes language to a friend is this,
Rare Mirth, brisk Wine, yet hang't, it coſt a Piece:

But ſuch a fine airy Wench—— Plague take the Whore,
The young man found ſhe had the Pox before;
Theſe things will be, but Gentlemen, we know
That none of you were ever wheedl'd ſo.

Tell me, why old ſage Matron did of late,
Mourn o're her dog and let him lie in ſtate?
Why ſome make viſits ſix hours longs to know
The health of Shock or of my Ladies Toe?
Why others to fond husbands do pretend
They heard a Sermon, when they met a friend?
A thouſand ſuch ill ſtories we may hear,
But we are confident there's no ſuch here.
Since humor ſhelters all the Vice in uſe,
We think this mirth of ours needs no excuſe.
Y'are all our friends and ev'ry one's a gueſt,
Then be like well-bred people at a Feaſt,
Who, whether pleas'd or not, ſtill ſpeak the beſt.

Epilogue

Epologue to the ſame.

NOw we have done our parts, I do foreſee
We muſt the Audience, you the Actors be.
And by your pithy Comments you will ſay,
You make a Farce much better than our Play.

Lord, to what deſp'rate terms we are brought,
For all that ſtrive to be ingenious thought,
Will ſhow their Rates of wit by finding fault.
Vain women cheated by a flatt'ring glaſs,
Which ſhows fine Charms and Colours in the face,
Are not with ſhame and anger more ſurpris'd,
When their conceited Beauty is deſpis'd;
Then we like them, with ſcorn will hide our ſpight,
And that applauſe we could not gain, will ſlight.

Men of the *Guſtau*, at the *French* houſe ear,
Many new diſhes of the ſelf ſame meat,

No dreſs nor ſauce their queazy ſenſe controuls,
But Novelty alone commands their Souls.
If you'l be modiſh, you muſt do ſo too;
Our Play is old, but all the Actors new,
Such Actors as both Theatres can't make,
Adzooks you are not Wits, if this don't take.

If pleas'd, y'are kind and wiſe, but if you hiſs,
We know who games, who drinks, who keeps the Miſs.

Ladies, your cloſe Intrigues and Loves we know,
If y'are ſevere, your ſecret crimes we'l ſhow;
We'l do't—nay our revenge ſhall ſpeak them worſe,
So fare you well, Gallants—now take your courſe.

Prologue to Ev'ry Man out of his Humor, *Spoken by Mr.* Hayns, July, 1675.

SO faſt from Plays approv'd and Actors known,
To drolling, ſtroling Royal Troop you run,
That *Hayns* deſpairing is Religious grown.

So

So Crack enjoy'd, the queazy Gallants ſlight,
And ſhe, though ſtill her beauty's in its height,
In rage turns Nun and goes to Heav'n in ſpight.
O Novelty, who can thy pow'r oppoſe!
Polony Bear or ſtrange Grimace out-goes
Our fineſt language and our greateſt ſhows.

As thick-ſcul'd Zealots, who from Churches fly,
Think doleful nonſenſe good that makes them cry;
Y'are pleas'd and laugh becauſe— you know not why.
There ign'rant crouds round travel'd Gallants ſit,
As am'rous youths round Vizards in our Pit,
And by their motions judg the Farces Wit.

If they but grin, a jeſt is underſtood,
All laugh outright and cry— I'gad that's good;
When will our damn'd dull ſilly rogues do ſo?
Y'are very complaiſant, I fain would know
Where lies the wit and pow'r of (*il ohe.*)

The modiſh Nymphs now ev'ry heart will win,
With the ſurpriſing ways of *Harlequin.*
O the fine motion and the jaunty mene,

While

While you Gallants ——
Who for dear Miſſie ne'r can do to much,
Make Courtſhips *alamode de Scarramouch.*
Ha——— ha———.
I could have taught you this, but let that paſs,
Y'have heard I've wit, now you ſhall know I've grace,
I will reform———
But what Religion's beſt in this, lewd Town,
My friends I'm yet like moſt of you, of none.
If I commence, I fear it will not do,
Religion has its *Scarramouchys* too,
Whoſe hum's and ha's get all the praiſe and pence,
For noiſe has ſtill the upper hand of ſenſe.
Well ſince 'tis ſo———
I'll keep my Station till your humors come,
Though like the longing woman, now you rome,
And leave all dainties for the Butchers thumb.
You and vile husbands equally proceed
Like rambling Bees, you quit your balm to feed
On ev'ry gaudy flow'r and painted weed.

When

When Winter comes you will again grow wiſe,
And viſit home the wife that you deſpiſe,
With empty purſes and with laden thighs.

Epilogue to Ev'ry Man out of his Humor.

HOw croſly and how kindly things do go !
Though forreign troop does very pow'rful grow,
Kind Juſtice beats down our domeſtick foe.
Th' inchanted Caſtle's once more overthrown,
That Nurſery where all the youth in Town,
Such deeds of Valour and of Love have ſhown.
Britains Low Countreys, where at mighty rates
The younger Brothers urg'd their needy Fates,
And th' Elder got diſeaſes for Eſtates.

See how the ſcatter'd Cracks in parties fly,
How like a neſt of Waſps diſturb'd they ply,
And fiercely fix on any Fop that's nigh.

I warn you, though your preſence theirs will bring;
Be not too eager for the pretty thing,
The bag of Hony's ſweet, but 'ware the ſting.
Play round the light, but from the heat retire;
For if y'are joyn'd between hot Love and Ire,
Like *Samſons* Foxes you'l ſet all on fire.
Reform your ſelves, Reformers of the Stage,
Blame not my Zeal, who can ſuppreſs their rage?
When Love and Wrath ſpare neither Sex nor Age.
For our Play we ſay nothing——
The merit of it will your plaudits gain,
Or elſe new Wit would ſtrive to prop in vain,
What *Johnſons* ſacred mem'ry can't ſuſtain.

Prologue to The Miſtaken Husband.

OUr modeſt Poet's in as great a fright,
As a young Bride upon the marriage night,

She

She ſtarts and trembles when ſhe ſees the Bed,
Like Criminals to Execution led;
Alas, poor thing, ſhe's loth to loſe her head.

As boys that ſhiver on the Rivers-brim,
Enquire the warmth and depth of thoſe that ſwim.
She asks her marry'd friends what ſhall I do?
I do ſo ſhake——Ah, was it ſo with you?
And yet ſhe makes a hard ſhift to go through:
Poets were once as full of trouble too,
But now th' are deſperate——
To loſe this Play as much our Poet ſtrives,
As you to hide your Miſſes from your Wives,
He thinks you Criticks and i'faith 'tis right,
Are ev'n as mercileſs to thoſe write,
As Husbands to their Wives o'th' Wedding night;
You care no more for Poets pains and fears,
Than thoſe fierce men regard the womens tears.

At the leaſt fault——
If one ſnuffs and mouths it— there there ſhe went,
You open all and damn a Play by th' ſent.

One of our Nymphs ſhould in my place appear,
But y'are ſo dreadful ſhe's fall'n ſick for fear.
Thoſe that pay dear for love, the very'ſt fools,
Though they condemn the work, preſerve the tools.

Faith, Gallants, lets compound with you to day,
Be you indulgent to our Orphan Play,
We'll be as kind to you another way.

Epilogue to the Mall or Modiſh Lovers.

WHat has our Poet done you look ſo big?
Has he not treated you with brisk intrigue?
Some with dull Morals would affront the Age,
And make a Coventicle of the Stage;

Should

Should we but offer you ſuch things as thoſe be,
Dam the ſententious Fop—— come let's to Moſely.

Had we a lively Scene, where you might ſee
The Duck-pond-ſide and each beloved Tree;
It would recal ſuch ſtories of your own,
What on this bench or that green tuft was done,
That our poor Play uncenſur'd might have gone.
Like boaſting *Greeks*, *Troy's* Conqueſt you would tell,
Here *Helen* lay, and there ſtout *Hector* fell.
To that ſoft bank the eager foe retir'd;
There the hot breach was mann'd and City fir'd.

You Rogue, cries one, the very place I ſee
Where I and *Phillis* did—— O happy Tree,
The kind ſupporter of my Nymph and me.
Another with fierce indignation rap't,
Cries, rot her for a Bitch, there was I clap't.
If you repeat next year ſuch things as theſe,
You'l rub the rind off and deſtroy the Trees.

Well

Well may our boldeſt Scenes fall ſhort of you,
We do but copy, by the life you drew.

Now will you rail when you are gone from hence,
O hang't, 'tis baudy, all meer impudence.
No ſerious lines will pleaſe you half ſo well,
Unleſs we Huff the gods and Hector Hell.
With Wit and Women you deal much at one,
Firſt you debauch, and then you cry them down.

Prologue in the Vacation.

WHile wars between the firſt rate houſes ceaſe,
For want of new ſupplies compel'd to peace,
We little fifth rates, whom they ſtill deſpiſe,
May boldly cruiſe and make all lawful prize,
With thund'ring Tempeſts, Fire and Div'ls they fiſh,
And catch adventurers by twoſh and threeſh.
One ſhilling is the greateſt price we wiſh.

They

They in deep gulfs and ſpreading Oceans roul,
We poor ſmatt things put into ev'ry hole.
Your fiſhing *Beſs* or ſhoulder o'mutton *Malls*,
I'gad we ſnap at ev'ry thing that ſails.

Then for your Company, look, I dare ſwear
Y'had ne'r the like in either Theatre,
Here's Vizards too, but look your Punks elſewhere.
There's a Beauty, Heav'ns! So ſmooth, ſo fat,
Nay, never bluſh for ſuch a face as that,
No Miſs in Town is half ſo plump and round, that's (flat.
We have a Poet too ——
Who ſweats and ſtinks for his Heroick piece
As much as ever —— did for his.
In all we imitate the Play-houſe thus,
Only in Acting they come ſhort of us.

Yet as old Nurſe inſtructs young ſmikring Maid,
When ſhe ſits ſtroaking little mark of Lad:
See by our penny how their ſhilling's made.

My friends, keep all your hands in ſight, I pray;
While we are Acting mind no other Play.
Our ſports but one ſhort hour laſt, that all the year;
Beſides no Company but ours muſt Act here.

Prologue to The Suppos'd Prince.

TRappolin ſuppos'd a Prince this humor ſhows,
All pleaſures do depend upon ſuppoſe.
We by a ſtrong ſuppoſe, may have to do
With Wine and Women, Wit and Mony too.

Thus while you think a zealous Siſters eyes
Are lifted up in pious extaſies,
In ſtrong ſuppoſe all her Religion lies.
The modeſt longing girl that dares not woo,
Thus does enjoy her fame and pleaſure too.

He that ſits next a pretty female, knows
His hand trembles, and ſomething comes and goes.

He

He gazes, faints and dyes, why all this ſhows
The pow'r and pleaſure of a ſweet ſuppoſe.
Thoſe that for garniſh'd diſhes keep adoe,
May have as wholeſome Fiſh well butter'd too,
In a plain earthen pan for half the toil;
But for ſuppoſe —— for all's but ——
The bodys all one fleſh, and yet, dear hearts,
A mere ſuppoſe makes difference of parts.
All were deſign'd alike for our delight,
Yet we ſuppoſe it fit to loſe our right,
And keep the ſweeteſt both from touch and ſight.
Let that ſuppoſe that leads us ſo aſtray,
As ſtrongly further our ſuppoſing Play.
The Duke and *Trappolin* muſt both be thought
Transformed really, though they are not.
Suppoſe that ſtrongly thence our mirth all flows,
Then we ſhall pleaſe you all — as we ſuppoſe.

Prologue to The Armenian Queen.

BEloved Miſs and Punck, Vizard and Fop,
All's gone that made your modiſh Prologues (up.
Ah, Gentlemen, what hope have we to pleaſe,
When we have loſt ſuch pow'rful helps as theſe!
Helps, that did Soul to all our actions give,
Helps, without which nor you nor we can live.

Though wit a thouſand various ways is ſhown,
From Love all flows, and to it all does run;
As liquors round a ſpacious Funnel roul,
Yet all at laſt ſinks into one ſmall hole.
You now like ſev'ral Ghoſts, but haunt the place,
Where once your joy and life's dear treaſure was,
While one ſits thus——his Soul's to *Windſor* fled,
Hunts ev'ry Cloſet, ſearches ev'ry Bed;

At laſt he finds his nown dear *Phillis* laid
In ſome cloſe ſhade, where he had often plaid
At Poſt and Pair with ſome freſh Country Maid.
Enrag'd with thought, he mutters out—Ah Curſe!
Thoſe that ſit next believe he rails at us;
Such Plague themſelves and fright our friends away,
Another Ghoſt's imploy'd a ſweeter way,
Fixing his Eye upon that very place,
Where he pick'd up his laſt obliging Laſs,
He ſees her, Courts her, nay while he ſits there,
Carries her to th' Tavern, finds the very Chair;
Feels her ——ſoft hand, her melting Eye beholds,
In empty Arms her airy Body folds;
As a famous Author has it ——
But as the curs'd Drawer diſturb'd him there,
Some loud Heroick rant awakes him here;
He's diſoblig'd and huffs, the Play's cry'd down,
And we are ruin'd e'r the cauſe is known.

Yet though you damn us all, we ſtill Act on,
But what dull ſport one party makes alone?
While one thruſts on and th'other ſtill wheels round,
Between two ſtools—you know what falls to ground;
Where both are willing there true pleaſure's found.

Epilogue to The Armenian Queen.

ALas, what hope does there remain for us,
When y'have already ſhut up t'other houſe;
Yet we this Viſitation-time ſtay here,
When raging cenſure reigns and wit grows dear,
In hope to gain your cuſtom all the year.

When Tempeſts and Enchantments fly the Town,
When *Proſp'ro*'s Devils dare not ſtand your frown;
They to the Country ſtrole with painted ware,
Where mighty ſums of precious time they ſhare;
While Author Punch does ſtrange Machines prepare
For their new Opera in *Barthol'mew* Fair.

He

He, prick'd in Conſcience that he chous'd you ſo,
With but the Copy of a Pupper-ſhow;
To pleaſe you, thither does invite you all,
For two pence to behold th'original.
They who for double prices ſcarce would do,
Now that you are in want, do jilt you too.
But we are conſtant ſtill to your delight,
Since dear Miſs Punch is gone, 'faith do us right,
And viſit your poor Spouſe once ev'ry night.
Nay, Gentlemen, this is no ſtrange requeſt,
For night and want do bring home Man and Beaſt.

Epilogue by a Woman.

Gentlemen,

OUr mens late diſappointments have made (known,
Without our Sex no bus'neſs can be done;
They treated you juſt as you deal with us,
You promiſe fair ——

But if you once get in, ne'r pay a ſouſe,
Women ſupport the World and we the houſe.
Nature and Power teach vile men to rome,
We poor good humor'd things ſtill play at home.
Mens active Legs with one nights dancing grow
Quite dull and tir'd — Our Tongues are never ſo:
Their lazy Inſtruments are out of Tune,
And then forſooth there's nothing to be done.
S'life, out or in we women ne'r lie ſtill,
While our Pit's kept warm and our Purſes fill.
Yet, Gallants, you may pardon them for this,
We oft have Play'd when you ne'r came to ſee's.

Be conſtanter and leſs Capricious,
How long ſhall we weak Veſſels teach you thus?
And yet in troth y'are always kind to us;
But we muſt rail as cunning Lovers do,
Not that y'are falſe but to preſerve you true.
You ſeem beſt pleas'd when you are moſt abus'd,
But fawning wit and eaſie love's refus'd.

A murm'ring Miſs revives your faint deſire,
And huſſing Prologues raiſe your kindneſs higher;
As bluſtring winds increaſe decaying fire.
Cover our matted Seats but once a day,
And to content you, we'l Act any way.
Then Clap us ſoundly, while we Play our parts,
Or elſe —— a miſchief on your ſtony hearts.

Prologue to The Indian Emperor, *Acted by the Dutcheſs of* Portſmouth's *ſervants, ſpoken by Mr.* Poel.

I Come from my deſpairing friends within,
Who, conſcious of the deſp'rate ſtate th'are in,
Dare not before their pardon's ſeal'd be ſeen.
By flatt'ring hopes of loud applauſe betray'd,
Which they have ſeen to our beſt Actors paid.
As boldly they engag'd and came thus far,
As young briſk Reformadoes go to War.

Succeſs

Succeſs and triumphs take up ev'ry thought,
They never think how hardly they are got:
All's brave and well until the foe appears,
Then they begin to ſhrink and ſhake their Ears.

Some few hours paſt with an aſſured meen,
And chearful voice they practis'd ev'ry Scene.
Do't? Poh! becauſe I did but ſeem to doubt,
All were for turning envious *Poel* out;
But now my huffing Gallants come about.
Mr. dear Mr. *Poel*——
Unleſs you help us out we are undone,
I fear they will be out to faſt alone.

As ſerious Lovers can alone explain,
In ſome well order'd ſpeech their am'rous pain;
But when their Beauteous Idol comes in place,
All's loſt in Cringes and a begging face:
Fear of offending and deſire to pleaſe,
Turns all to bluſhes and half-ſentences;

Yet

Yet that confuſion ſhows a Love more true,
Than all the flow'rs of Rhetorick can do.
And if our good intentions here may pleaſe,
I fear you'l have too many ſigns like theſe.
They ſent me to excuſe their Crimes, who ought
With all my skill to heighten ev'ry fault.

If they ſhould pleaſe, others would treat you (thus,
And mak't a mode, then what becomes of us?
The Chamber-trade would quite ſhut up our houſe,

So jarring Tradeſmen, all their Int'reſt made,
To have the ſale of Foreign Wares forbad,
And great mens ſervants ſtraight ſet up the trade.
But for this once may ev'ry one that Plays,
Advance your pleaſure and obtain your praiſe.
Since they engage no more to do amiſs,
Their fear is puniſhment enough for this.

Epilogue to the ſame, ſpoken by a Girl.

ABus'd by that inſulting * Player's pow'r, * *Poel.*
Who from a ſlave they made an Emperor;
Our *Indians* gladly ſaw him die, for fear
His Epilogue ſhould be much more ſevere.
There is a ſtrutting *Spaniſh* † General too, † *Coyſh.*
Another of that envious huffing Crew,
Although the *Indian*'s Foe — in this deſign,
To ruine them they equally combine.

So Lawyers rail in parties at the Bar,
But on the Clients lay the charge o'th' War.

Therefore they for their Epilogue choſe me,
A ſtranger and from either Faction free,
Young, Innocent, and what is more, a Maid,
If this won't do, what can your ſmiles perſuade?

Nay,

Nay, let me tell you, but let not them hear,
Theſe *Indians* are not what they do appear;
If they are pleas'd, none knows what you may get;
For they have Mines were ne'r diſcover'd yet,
Which frowns, or fierceſt torments cannot find,
In that th'are all of *Montezuma*'s mind:
But by your kindneſs and obliging Arts,
You may command their Treaſure and their Hearts.

Prologue to Pſyche Debauch'd.

Pſyche debauch'd, poor Soul! ſhe made great haſt,
I knew the jilting Quean could never laſt
Five weeks, ſhe (muſt perhaps decay more faſt,)
——As our friend *Vicander* has it.
Whilſt our rich neighbors mock our Farce, we know
Already th' utmoſt of their Puppet-ſhow.

Since

Since they 'gainſt Nature go, they Heav'n offend,
If Nature's purpoſe then croſs Nature's end,
Unnat'ral Nature is not Nature's friend.
——————There's Nature for you.
As *Æſop*'s Cat dreſt like a Lady, this
At firſt ſurpris'd, now where's the gaudy Miſs
You ſaw, and knew, and left her in a trice?
None but the Dirty Rout would like her twice.
Their well-dreſt frolick once may pleaſe the Eye,
But Plays like Women can't ſo ſatisfie.

Ye masked Nymphs can tell there's ſomething in (ye,
Beſides the painted face, that gets the penny;
Yet all the fame you give 'em we'l allow
To their beſt Plays, and their beſt Actors too,
That is, the Painter, Carpenter and Show,
Beaumont and *Fletcher*, Poet and *Devau*.
But, Sirs, free harmleſs mirth you here condemn,
And Clap at down-right baudery in them.

In

In *Epſom*-wells for example——
Are they not ſtill for puſhing Nature on,
Till Nature's feat thus in your ſight is done.
——————O Lord!——————
Let's take off *Pſyche*'s borrow'd plumes a while;
Hopkins and *Sternhold*, riſe and claim your ſtile.
Dread Kings of *Brentford*, leave *Lardella*'s Herſe,
Pſyche's deſpairing Lovers ſteal your Verſe.
And let *Apollo's* Prieſt reſtore again,
What from the nobler *Mamamouchy's* ta'n,
Let them reſtore your treble prices too;
To ſee how ſtrangely they did bubble you,
It made me bluſh and that I ſeldom do.
Now *Pſyche*'s ſtrip'd from all her gay attire,
Tè dè Pollykagathoy—— behold the fire.
But, O a long farewel to all this ſort,
Which Muſick, Scenes, nor Preface can't ſupport,
Or if they cou'd, who cares a farthing for't?

Epilogue

Epilogue to the ſame.

NOw to get off, gadzooks, what ſhall we do?
'Tis plain, my friends, that we have chous'd you (too
Our *Pſyche* that ſo pleaſantly appears,
Has prov'd as very a jilting Crack as theirs.
When your high hopes for Beauty were prepar'd,
To meet a common ill-dreſt thing 'tis hard;
But pardon us and your reſentments ſmother,
We promiſe you e'r long a touch with t'other.

Song.

ALas, my Coy *Phillis*, this humour's too old,
Piſh, fie and for ſhame, are too ſilly from you;
For your looks, your ſighs, and your bluſhes have told,
That your Vows to cry out will never prove true.
Then away with this folly and let's to the thing,
For; I'faith, I muſt water my Nag at the Spring.

Elizium's

Elyzium's a trick, and the Shades but a chear,
To chear up ſome over-grown ſlighted old Maid.
If my *Phillis* ſhould live to that wretched Eſtate,
How ſhe would repent that I heard when ſhe praid!
Then away with this folly, &c.
For I'faith, &c.

Like zealous Platonicks, we'l rail at all ſin;
I'll praiſe thy great merits, and thou cry up mine:
To practiſe in private we'll lock our ſelves in;
And while ſilly ſoft mortals believe us divine,
We'll laugh at their folly and turn up the thing,
And I'faith I will water my Nag at the Spring.

O'recome with my Paſſion and noble intent,
My *Phillis* imbrac'd me and led my Nag on,
He daſh'd up the water each ſtep that he went;
But alaſs, Sir, ſhe cry'd how ſoon he has done.
Your Nag's a May-*Colt and deſerves no good thing,*
For I'faith he lies down in the middle of the Spring.

The ſerious Thought.

I.

O Wretched ſtate of helpleſs man!
Flatter'd with lofty ſounds of ſov'reign pow'r;
O're ev'ry Creature he is ſaid to reign,
Yet only drags a longer chain;
Ordain'd a ſlave to ev'ry fatal hour,
And ev'ry cruel thought's his Emperour.

II.

Reaſon, that golden Calf to which we fall,
Form'd of thoſe various toys deſpairing Souls
And ſullen Stoicks to their comforts call;
Our pleaſure and our happineſs controuls,
To torments it directs an eaſie way;
But when delight with ſmiling looks,
To ſoft intrancing bliſs invokes.
Virtue — we Virtue muſt obey,

Virtue,

Virtue, that dull fantaſtick edgleſs tool,
The ſtalking Horſe of ev'ry Pedants School,
The beggar's Tyrant, but the rich man's Fool,
For Gold to any ſhape 'twill move,
And be what ever Monarchs love:
Yet this confines our hands and eyes,
While ev'ry creature we deſpiſe,
Freely injoys thoſe ſweets for which man dies.

III.

Why was I born a ſlave to Nature's law,
Subject to frail deſires of fleſh and blood,
Eager to taſt each beautious pleaſing good;
If other rigid rules my thoughts muſt awe?
A ſervant to one mighty —— pow'r ordain'd,
And to the dictates of another chain'd.
Is't juſtice to impoſe upon the heart
Lawleſs deſires of love, and then
To call that Paſſion ſin,
And for relief add torments to the ſmart?

Hear me, ye pow'rs divine,
All hearts and pow'rs to yours their ſtrength reſign,
Pardon my thoughts, or elſe my thoughts confine.

IV.

Thou glorious torment of my life,
Too dear *Francelia*, with whoſe eyes alone
The gods could in my heart raiſe Love a throne,
And ſet my peaceful thoughts at ſtrife.
Deſpiſe my heart no more, for 'tis the ſhrine,
Where thy fair Image will for ever ſhine,
Pardon the fierce complaints to which I'm driv'n;
Or my loud Paſſion do not blame,
If thy injuſtice it proclaim.
Since it has raſhly dar'd to queſtion Heav'n,
I can no more endure this lukewarm ſtate,
This Purgatory where I dwell
Between Love's Paradiſe and Hell,
Celia, I dare my fate,
And am prepar'd to meet thy Love or Hate.

V. Alas

V.

Alas, I fain would be deceiv'd and find
Some change in thy obdurate mind:
Still like a desp'rate loosing gamester, I throw on,
Urging ill fortune till my stock of hope is gone;
With gradual losses tyr'd, I now set all,
O Love, be kind, or let me quickly fall.
'Tis not, O *Celia*, 'tis not well,
To cheat your truest Lover with a smile,
And to another give that heart for which I toil:
Yet 'tis more cruel far,
Your final doom not to declare,
But let me still love on and still despair.

To Celia.

LOve, with which I long have been poſſeſt,
Does like an evil ſpirit haunt my breſt,
Sleeping or waking it allows no reſt;
When with ſtrong Reaſon I would drive it thence,
It puts new tortures upon ev'ry ſenſe.
My Paſſion to the utmoſt height to raiſe,
All *Celia*'s Beauties in my ſight it lays;
Beauties, which all admire and vainly ſtrive to praiſe.
But to deſtroy all budding hopes lays down
My little merit and her conſtant frown;
Thus does it urge me to a juſt deſpair,
Then whiſpers, only death can end my care;
Tempts me to drown my ſelf in floods of tears,
Or ſigh away at once my griefs and fears;
Thus am I rack'd, this diſmal life I lead,
Till tyr'd with pain my heart ſeems cold and dead.

And

And to the wretched 'tis a ſad relief,
To be inſenſible of joys or grief.
But when my murth'rers much lov'd name reſounds,
My heart bleeds out afreſh and feels new wounds.

Unleſs *Francelia* has my death decreed,
Let me from this tormenting ſpright be freed,
Or mine will haunt her when I'm dead indeed:
Show your great pow'r, remove this heavy rod,
And by your kindneſs make this Dev'l a God.

Song.

WHen *Celia* my heart did ſurpriſe,
In an Ocean of grief my fair Goddeſs did riſe,
And like Cryſtal diſſolv'd the tears flow'd from her Eyes.
From her Beautiful Cheeks all the Roſes withdrew,
And ſhe look'd like a Lilly o'reladen with dew.

How ſweet did her ſorrow appear!
How I trembl'd and ſigh'd, and for ev'ry tear
Made a Vow to the gods and a pray'r to her!
O how ſoft are the wounds we receive from the fair!
But the joys and the pleaſures there's none can de-
(clare.

What panting and fainting I feel,
When imbracing her feet, before *Celia* I kneel,
O how dear are her ſmiles and how ſweetly they kill!
Ev'ry minute I die with the thoughts of my bliſs,
And ſhe breaths a new life in each languiſhing kiſs.

O Love let us ſtill wear thy Chain,
Let no Paſſion but Love in our fancies e're reign,
Let us often be cur'd and ne'r freed from the pain.
All the pleaſures of Wine to the ſenſe are confin'd,
But 'tis Love is the nobleſt delight of the mind.

A Dialogue between Dorus *and* Amintor.

Dorus.

WHence does this ſolemn ſadneſs riſe,
Which all thy ſpirits has oppreſt,
And like a dull contagious miſt,
Hangs heavy on *Amintor*'s Eyes?

Am.

O *Dorus*! ———

Dor.

O *Amintor*! ſpeak ———
Paſſions conceal'd, like ſtruggling wind
In concaves of the Earth confind,
Too oft their trembling Priſon break.
Grief entertain'd and fed with tears,
With ſuch inſinuating Art,
Deludes the eaſie thoughtful heart,
It makes it love the pain it bears.

Awake

Awake, *Amintor*, from this dream,
This drowzy Lethargy that ſteeps
Thy ſenſe in death-reſembling ſleeps,
And give thy thoughts a chearful theme.

Am.

Tell me, O Shepherd, in this ſpacious round
Of Earth and Sea, what pleaſure's to be found;
'Tis all but one large grave, one gloomy den,
Where rav'nous time devours both things and men.
On yonder ſhaded hill let's ſit a while,
And mark how poor miſtaken mortals toil;
Behold hard labour and laborions mirth,
See how thoſe Reapers court the teeming Earth,
Look how they bend and with unweary'd pain,
Adore the ground for ev'ry Sheaf they gain,
Theſe are the ſweeteſt of the Ruſtick's days,
This is the life which ſinking Monarchs praiſe.
Now to the neighb'ring Green thy ſight tranſport,
And there behold the drudgery of ſport;

How many ſilly antick ſteps they tread,
How ev'ry ſweating Dancer toils to ſpread
The reſtleſs arms, and ſhake the empty head:
O endleſs toil! O flatt'ring ſordid noiſe!
Where can this World ſhow true and ſolid joys?
Did not fore-knowledg tell us what they are,
Who could know idle mirth from buſie care?

Dor.

That knowledg which has mirth and care expreſt,
Inſtructs the judgment to elect the beſt.
Since mirth prolongs that life that care would kill,
And life's concern makes all things good or ill,
Reaſon ſhould overcome the ſtubborn Will.

Am.

Knowledg and Reaſon's force men diſavow,
To Beauty's tyranny all hearts muſt bow.

Dor.

Beauty and Tyranny ——

Am.

Yes *Dorus*, yes,
Deſpiſed Love does all my joy ſuppreſs.

Dor.

To one that's cruel who would be confin'd,
When Beauties are ſo num'rous and kind?

Am.

Haſt thou obſerv'd the Infancy of day?
When from the Eaſtern Sea all freſh and gay,
The roſie mornings glory fills our eyes,
The Moon and ev'ry meaner luſtre dyes.
So when my daz'ling Shepherdeſs appears,
All other Beauties fade and yield to hers.
Her eyes ſuch pleaſure and ſuch awe impart,
As Monarchs ſmiles do to a Fav'rites heart;
The Roſe and Purple Violet ſhe ſtains,
With her more bluſhing Cheek and clearer Veins,
Thoſe pow'rful charms which from her face are ſent,
Would make a Raviſher ſeem innocent.

Nor

Nor poliſh'd Ivory nor falling Snow,
The whiteneſs of her whiter neck can ſhow;
No Down of Swans, no Lillies e'r expreſt
The charming ſoftneſs of her ſwelling Breaſt;
Thoſe mounts of pleaſure, where Loves Monarch lies
Boaſting the vict'ries purchas'd by her eyes.
A ſhining Vale thoſe panting Twins does ſever,
A Vale where murther'd Lovers hearts do bleed,
Whoſe ſweets all thought, all extaſie exceed.
O let *Amintor*'s heart reſt there for ever.
Now, Shepherd, an etetnity of joys
And hidden bliſs my roving thought imploys.
O let me die, *Francelia*, let me die,
E'r from this Paradiſe of thought I'm driv'n;
For to a Lover ſo unbleſt as I,
There is no way but death to enter Heav'n.

Dor.

Pri'thee, *Amintor*, quench this raging fire;
From hopeleſs Love 'tis prudence to retire.

Am.

Am.

Thou mayſt as ſoon caſt water in the Sea,
And take it thence unmix'd, as ſet me free.
Quench this raging fire ——
Sing to a Tempeſt till thou mak'ſt it kind,
And with thy muſick part the mingl'd wind:
Sow Corn upon a ſtream that never ſtood,
And hope a Harveſt from the moving flood.
When Poyſon has invaded ev'ry part,
And fix'd its deadly Venom in the heart,
Bid the tormented patient quit his pain,
But never hope I can my love reſtrain.

Here *Celia* walk'd, and here was I undon,
Viewing thoſe glories which around her ſhon.
Such Rays of Beauty as the Artiſt paints,
To Crown the heads of Celebrated Saints.
This Walk did, like a bleſt *Elyzium* yield,
All that adorns the Garden or the Field.

Hither

Hither did Nature all her treaſure bring,
And here expos'd the glories of the Spring.
Enchanting Birds ſate warbling on each Tree.

Dor.

Here ſuch a Paradiſe could never be,

Am.

Where e're ſhe is 'tis Paradiſe to me.
All the bright Beauties Nature ever made,
When Winters ſtormy weather makes them fade,
With her as in their ſtore-houſe do remain,
And ev'ry Spring are copy'd thence again.
Dull Poets, praiſe no more the *Thracian*'s ſtring;
When *Celia* ſpeaks a Quire of Angels ſing.
Here 'twas I rob'd her of a balmy kiſs,
And eager to enſure a future bliſs,
I ſighing ask'd her ——
Dear, won't you love—ſhe ſigh'd and whiſper'd, yes.
Yes! Yes! O Cruelty! For at that very time,
She vow'd my death ſhould expiate my crime.

Was't not enough to murther with diſdain?
Muſt loſs be added to compleat my pain?
Loſs of the higheſt bleſſing Love could give,
When you ſaid yes, alaſs I did believe;
And after ſuch a loſs, who'd wiſh to live?

Tell me, unkind and cruel as you are,
Are you leſs beautiful, leſs chaſt or fair,
If one poor kiſs is wanting from your ſtore?
I'll freely pay you back ten thouſand more.
Did e'r my joys or ſuff'rings find a tongue
To boaſt your ſmiles, or do your honour wrong?
Was ever hopeleſs love preſerv'd ſo long?

Dor.

How vainly doſt thou court the ſenſeleſs Air,
And to regardleſs Trees repeat thy pray'r?
Did thy inſulting cruel Goddeſs hear,
Thou would'ſt as little pity get from her;

Leave

Leave Love's ingrateful God, ſhake off his chain,
Go where the God of Wine and Mirth does reign,
He'll ſee thy merit and relieve thy pain.

Am.

She loves me not—forbids my Tongue and Quill.

Dor.

Doſt thou love her, and diſobey her Will?
To harden'd hearts inſenſible of Love,
Courtſhip does horrid Perſecution prove.
Thy Love's beſt ſhown by ſerving her deſire.

Am.

I can't ſuppreſs, but I'll conceal my fire;
And by my ſuff'rings raiſe my merit higher.
Never had Lover ſuch hard fate as I,
To ſhow my Love I muſt my Love deny,
And to be bleſt, all hope of bleſſings fly.
So when deſtroying Plagues did threaten *Rome*,
The noble *Curtius* did prevent its doom;
All love of life and ſafety he o'recame,
And by his death immortaliz'd his name.

Song.

THy rigour, O *Celia*, has ſhorten'd thy reign,
And made my bright Goddeſs a Mortal again.
How faint are thy glories, how dully they move,
That us'd to inflame me with raptures of Love!

Chorus.

Tyrannical Beauties, prevent your ſad ſtate,
'Tis kindneſs alone can ſupport your high throne,
But cruelty haſtens your fate.

I paid my devotion each day to thy eyes;
I thought it no morning till *Celia* did riſe.
With *Celia* the Court and the Theatres rung,
Her praiſe was the ſubject of every ſong.

Chorus.

Tyrannical Beauty, lament thy loſt ſtate,
My Paſſion is gone and thy Empire is done,
Thy cruelty haſten'd thy fate.

Love

Love heightens our joy, he's the eaſe of our care,
A Spur to the Valiant and Crown to the Fair;
O ſeize his ſoft wings and enjoy while you may,
For pleaſures of Love will like Empire decay.

Chorus.

Tyrannical Beauties, prevent your ſad ſtate,
'Tis kindneſs alone can ſupport your high throne,
But cruelty haſtens your fate.

The Pavier's Song.

Set by Mr. Marſh *junior.*

Maſter,

YE tough brawny Lads, that can live upon ſtone,
And skin the hard Flint for good Liquor,
Let Love to the idle and wealthy be gone,
And let Preaching alone to the Vicar.

Let all be made plain with your ſtrikers and thump-
ers, (bumpers.
And when the work's done we'll about with the

The little blind God of which Lovers ſo prate,
Makes all that adore him grow lazy;
For counterfeit bleſſings he long makes you wait,
And with Sighs and Diſeaſes he pays ye:
But he you ſerve now with your ſtrikers and thump-
ers, (bumpers.
When your work's done will about with the

1. *Pa.* The Walks are all gravel'd, and the Bower
Prepar'd for the Bear and *Pſyche.* (ſhall be
2. But e'r we go in let the drinking begin,
And then we will thump it agen.

Chorus.

With full double Pots
Let us liquor our throats,
And then we'll to work with a hoh ho ho,
But let's drink e'r we go, let us drink e'r we go.

1. Here

1. Here *Harry.*

2. Here *Will.*

Chorus. *Old true-penny ſtill,*
While one is drinking, another ſhould fill.

3. Here's to thee *Stephen,*

4. Thanks honeſt *Phil.*

Chorus. *Old true-penny ſtill,*
While one is drinking, another ſhould fill.

Chorus.

With full double Pots
we'll liquor, &c.

Maſter,
Diſpatch, or the Bear and the Princeſs will chide,
For Love can no hindrance abide.

1. *Pav.* We have more need of drinking then loving by odds;
We'll bouze it in ſpight of the gods.

Chorus

Chorus.

With full double Pots
We'll liquor our throats,
And then we'll to work with a hoh ho ho,
But let's drink e'r we go, but let's drink e'r we go.

Marina *ſitting for her Picture.*

POor barren Art, how vainly doſt thou ſtrive,
To Rival Natures greater excellence!
While the admir'd *Marina* does ſurvive,
Whoſe Beauty dazles the moſt daring ſenſe.
See how the captiv'd Painters trembling hand
Wanders at large, while his amazed eyes
Dart looks of envy that he can't command
Colours ſo fair as on her cheeks ariſe.
Lay by thy Pencil, *Ned*, and think with me,
If in her face ſuch glorious things we find,
Who can reſiſt thoſe charms thou doſt not ſee;
The brighter Beauties of her heav'nly mind?

There's

There's ſacred Virtue, and each pow'rful grace,
Which cannot be ſurpris'd by feeble Art:
When creeping Age drives Lovers from the face,
Thoſe will for ever hold the conquer'd heart.
Thou Tyrant, Love, that haſt my Soul poſſeſt,
Give me this treaſure or my heart again:
Were I with wealth and mighty Empire bleſt,
Without *Marina*, all the reſt were vain.

Uncertain Love.

THe lab'ring man that Plants or Sows,
His certain times of Profit knows.
Seamen the rougheſt tempeſt ſcorn,
Hoping at laſt a rich return.
But my too much lov'd *Celia*'s mind
Is more inconſtant and unkind
Than ſtormy weather, Sea or Wind.

Now with aſſured Hope rais'd high,
I think no man ſo bleſt as I;
Hope, that a dying Saint may own,
To ſee and hear her ſpeak alone.
What if I ſnatch one kiſs or more?
Were Heaven gives a wealthy ſtore,
'Tis to be bounteous to the poor.

But e'r my ſwifteſt thought can thence
Convey a bleſſing to my ſenſe,
My hope like Fairy treaſure's gone,
Although I never made it known.
From all untruth my heart is clean,
No other Love can enter in,
Yet *Celia*'s ne'r will come agen.

FINIS.

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